INEZ had been out scouting a job in some 5th avenue department store and when she blew into the studio panting and excited I thought she must have landed something big. But it seems she was worked up over something else. "Trilby May," says she, as she

eases herself into a chair, "who you think I see just now by 34th street?" "Judging by the wild look in your eyes," says I, "it must have been Mary Pickford herself, or maybe Bill Hart and his bride. Which was it?"

"No," says Inez, scorning to notice any trivial cracks and sticking right to the point, "It's that Mary Mc-

"Eh?" says I. "McGucken? Sounds faintly familiar, but I don't place the name at all. Go on, though; you've sold it to me. Who was Mary?" "Aw, you know," says Inez. "She

was head waitress in Druot's by Duluth, when we first go there to work. And then she get married. That one with the brave eyes."

And of course, after an adjective like that, I couldn't help but remember. Inez had always called them brave eyes, in spite of my trying to tell her the word couldn't be used in that way. She'd won out, too, for I was finally forced to admit that Miss McGucken's eyes were just that Not bold, or starey, or simply wide set. That didn't describe 'em. They were brave eyes. There was courage in them-a hard, desperate glitter in their clear depths that couldn't be mistaken, once you had seen it.

PERHAPS that's why she was head waitress in Druot's, why we used to jump to our work when she snapped her fingers, and why old man Druot never dared bawl her out when he came down with a Monday morning grouch and growled at everybody else, including Madame Druot. They were blue eyes, incidently; Irish blue,

* * * *

with heavy black lashes. Beyond that there wasn't much about Mary McGucken to impress or attract you. At least, I could remember her only as a rather slim, darkhaired, snub-nosed girl with a wide mouth and eyebrows that ran together. She had looked fairly well in her black work uniform with the have just exactly that look in precise- hunch, but lets it go at that. So I white apron and cuffs, but in her dressup Sunday clothes she had been far from a home wrecker. About as plain

as they run, if you ask me. "Let's see," says I, "didn't she marry a soldier?"

Inez nods. "A rainbow sergeant that got medal in France," she adds. Lot in the papers about him when he comes back; how he drives ammunition truck up to gun battery that the Germans thought they'd cut off. He gets hit, toe, that Mr. Slattery; once in shoulder and once in right hand, but that don't stop him. And when he brings in ammunition them Germans get it in the neck. Brave feller, that Sergt. Slattery. They fix him up in the hospital and he comes home with red stripes on his arm. You know. Didn't we all stand in front and wave when he comes back that

"You're right, Inez," says I. "I get the whole picture now. And Miss Mc Gucken had been engaged to him all along. They got married right away after the parade and she left Druot's. But didn't he lose his job, or some-

left. I heard the girls talking. They said him and Miss McGucken had to go live in one little room. Then they move away and I don't hear about em any more until I meet her to-

"Well, I hope she's not looking for work in New York now," says I. "If she is she's up against it."

"Her!" says Inez. "Say, you oughta "How do you mean, ought to see?" I demands.

* * * * RESSED swell," says Inez, "furs 'n everything. Uh-huh! Like rich lady. Ridin' in automobile, too, with little Chinese dog. And Mr. Slattery dressed sporty in coonskin coat smokin' big cigar. Say!" "You don't mean it?" says I. "Well.

that's good news. I'm glad somebody's prosperous these times. How do they get that way?" Inez shakes her head. "I dunno." she says. "I don't like to ask." "No," says I, "one doesn't. Not right

"Oh, just buyin' things, and livin' at big hotel, and goin' to shows," says

"Wha-a-t?" says I. "Miss McGucken splurging around New York like one of the oily rich! and a little over two years ago she was on the rocks

in Duluth! Listens a bit like a tale from the Aquarium. Sure it wasn't some other party you saw, Inez?"

somebody else?" "But do you mean," I goes on, "that

she doesn't throw out a single hint as to how she comes by all this magnificence; no clue, no explanation?" Inez says she didn't offer a word.

Then you're a wonder, Inez," says "For I'm sure I should have jabbed in a question or two, even if I was

"Maybe," suggests Inez, "she finds rich uncle." "Oh, come!" says I. "Just because that happened to you once is no sign that it's common. Anyway, you might

have asked. Didn't she say anything "She asks about you," says Inez, "and when I tell her you're a talk actress she asks where your show is and

say she and Mr. Slattery must go see "Then trust me." says I. "If I can locate her out front I surely will make a stab at clearing up this mys-

tery. Tonight, eh? I'll have my eye at the peep hole." You can bet I did, too, for I'm just as curious as the next one. And you know what a small auditorium we have down at the Village Playhouse If it wasn't small "The Prince and the Flapper" would have closed its run

long ago. Yet at 8:30, when nearly every seat was filled and I had been watching until my neck ached, I ouldn't find any one in the audience hat reminded me of Mary McGucken. I was just about giving up, too. when I spotted this young lady in left K who was turning in her seat to give the house the double O. And I caught | cue. a glimpse of those brave eyes under the brim of a sippy feather lid. Otherwise I'd never have recognised her. fellow, your Danny." Absolutely no. For the dark hair had been treated to a henna wash, the admits.



"I HAD A TALK WITH DANNY NEXT DAY AND I TOLD HIM A FEW THINGS. I LET HIM KNOW I WAS burg and they were built before the GOOD AND SICK OF SLINGING HASH."

thick evebrows had been revised into done to her complexion. Yet I was they can't keep down. Eh?" sure no one but Mary McGucken could ly that shade of blue eyes.

* * * * So after the first curtain I called in one of the girl ushers and sent out a note inviting Mr. and Mrs. Slattery to join me back stage at the end of the performance, if they cared to. Well, it seems they did. In fact, they appeared quite thrilled when they were towed into my dressing room. Especially Mary.

"You don't mean," says she, "that this is the same Trilby May I used to boss around at Druot's?" "Not quite," says I. "If we're real live ones we don't stay just as we

vere, do we?" "No, of course not," says she. "But-

mean?" "I didn't," says I. "I crashed in through the roof." And then I had to tell her how it

was, while I was mobbing a manager trying to place Parry Platt's play. that I got to know Ames Hunt and was shunted into the part of The Flapper when the society person he'd

"Same to you, Mary," says I. should say you'd landed on the cush ions yourself."

and the hard glitter came into her drink counter. They were sorry, but blue eyes. Only for a second. Then prohibition hadn't left them any use she shrugged her shounders under her for a high-priced mixer and there was mink scarf and laughed. "Me!" says "Oh, that's different." That's all she said, and it didn't helped put it over they'd fix him up.

help much. As for the ex-sergeant, he hardly opened his mouth. Not such in his sporty clothes. You'd hardly pick him out as a hero. True, there was quite a firm set to his rugged chants chin, and in spite of his being so caught an 'occasional bold flicker in tion. It was plain enough who his heroine was, even though they had gates. Sometimes a private secre get over it.

Also it was clear that Mary wasn't going to volunteer the story of her Well, he wasn't sent for. And when enough to buy an old touring car I'd off the bat. But what are they doing life offhand. So I suggested that they both come home with me for a little own hook he had no better luck." supper and a chat.

"Not much!" says Mary. "This is

Danny's blow. He's going to take us to some swell place for a real feed, Eh. Danny?" "You've said it, Kid," agrees Mr. Slattery.

roof?" "Oh, not for just me," I protested.

"Why not some quiet, simple place "Don't I talk to her," demands Inez, like Tortoni's, where they don't take "and get introduce to Mr. Slattery? it away from you with both hands? they gave me the same tale-laying sions?" How would she know me if she was You haven't been at Tortoni's? Well, off people, not taking 'em on. Come! you should go."

> So we did, and when they'd sampled hors d'oeuvres and the spaghetti Milanaise they were glad they had

* * * *

"Some joint!" admits Mr. Slattery. "Nothing like this in Quebec, eh. Kid?"

The glance he got from Mary for that remark seemed to tint up his ears and for a few minutese after that Danny was distinctly uneasy. I could have followed it up if I'd want- distance motor trucks and when ed to, but I merely stowed it away and said nothing. Soon after, while we were having coffee and cigarettes us to a feed. Anyway, we got there, ing surface, Danny began staring at party across the room.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Mary "If it ain't Tunk Mason, I'm blind in the eyes," declares Danny. "You remember my tellin' you about him, Mary? That Milwaukee swell who was one of my corporals in the old company? Sure it's him! And all flossed up in a wide open vest and pearl studs! Gee! I wonder would he

"Nobody'd pinch you for asking him, would they?" suggests Mary.

Having been prodded like that Danny could do no less than take a want. Nobody's going to hand you chance with his old buddy. We anything on past performances. It's watched him being pounded on the back and urged into a vacant chair. from somebody else. If you can't, you And it was while the reunion was can go hungry; if you can, you're a way, Danny and I have found a way, the town of Bladensburg was authorunder way that Mary and I got confidential. Yes, I rather gave her the

"You're in luck all right, Mary," says I. "He strikes me as a regular

"He's as good as they come," she

"And a go-getter, too, I should say," pencilled curves, and she'd had things I throws in. "One of the kind that

> "Just after you were married." "I'll say they did," says Mary, snap-

ping it out bitter.

"Kind of rough going for a month or so, wasn't it?" I adds. "Huh!" says Mary. "For nearly a year. Say, I didn't suppose two able- anyway?" bodied persons who weren't solid above the ears could come so near starving right among a lot of people that's what happened to us."

"No!" says I. "It wasn't that bad, mine. was it?"

diet for a whole week?" "But-but what was the matter with Danny?" I demanded. "H^E was down," says Mary. "Flat. Just plumb discouraged. And it

Hoffman's to ask for his old job there was nothing doing. No, they had a She turned on me sudden at that, girl with bobbed hair behind the soft no other place open. Perhaps if he'd call on some of the big guns who

out a list from the names on the rean imposing person, Mr. Slattery, even ception committee, men who ought to know who he was and what he'd done. They were the leading mermanufacturers, who should have had jobs if any one had fussed at finding himself for the first Did they rush out and grab him by time in an actress' dressing room, I the hand, lead him into their private offices and put him on the pay roll? his look. Mainly, though, he sat and They did not. They kept him warmwatched wife with a steady admira- ing benches in waiting rooms or standing in line outside the factory name on a waiting list and told him he'd be sent for if he was wanted. he took to tramping around on his

"Yes," says I, "business was slack

about that time."

"So Danny started calling. He made

"For all but the slackers who'd Danny and the rest were over fighting the Germans," says Mary. "They held couple of months this hero business was old stuff. I couldn't seem to fit in anywhere, either. Druot wouldn't at her. take me back, and at the other places go with him on-on these excuraround again in a few weeks. So I hocked my wrist watch and rings, and says she. Danny most of his clothes, and we cousin of his in Buffalo that he could get him in a cargo trimming gang on if you've got the nerve." a grain boat. Can you guess how we got to Buffalo?"

I couldn't. "Hopping trucks," says Mary. "A lot of ex-heroes were driving longthey'd spot Danny's old uniform they'd give us a lift, sometimes stake and Danny got to earning wages again. I managed to find a place in quick lunch joint, too. So that's how "I see," says I. 'But listen, Mary

that hardly accounts for the mink throw scarf and-all the rest." "NO," says she. "It doesn't. But believe me, what we've got wasn't wished on us by the citizens of

a grateful country. I guess it's the same all the world over. But I know this: Here in the dear old U. S. A. you gotta get out and grab what you a case of crash in and take it away winner. Took me over a year to get that through my head, and then-well we're winners."

"But how?" I asked. "Oh, what's the difference?" says Mary. "Do you know, Trilby May, you're the first one that's asked that Mary.

isfied when we show 'em that we got out of Bladensburg, but to lead into it, it, from head waiters up. Look at Dan- for Bladensburg was an important place ny over there, chumming with those Mary indulges in another shoulder hunch, but lets it go at that. So I shifts a bit.

"Nearly had you two out for a while there, didn't they, though?" I asks.

"Nearly had you two out for a while there, didn't they, though?" I asks. tails."

the use. You've told me most of the erected as a county of the name Montstory. Why stall around? I've given gomery. you all my tale. Now where did you make your strike? What's your line,

I thought she was going to continue back lots and meadows bordering the the clam act. Then all of a sudden who let on to be their friends. But she throws up her chin and levels those brave blue eyes straight at

"All right, Trilby May," says she. "I don't know what else you'd call "I can trust you. Besides, it doesn't it," says she. "On, week all we had matter down here. But finally Danny but however did you manage it? was a hunk of smoked fish and a loaf got a job driving a gasoline truck. I do not know. Seagoing vessels Working up to be a leading lady, I of stale bread, and those I went out And then he met another Rainbow came up to the wharves of Bladensand got myself with the last two bits Division sergeant who'd joined the burg, but you should bear in mind we had between us. Ever try that state troopers and was being sent that two hundred years ago there with a squad to patrol the Canadian were many vessels, principally brigs border. booze runners. Well, hearing those shallow graft, sailing between Europe two chin all one evening got and America and the North Amerime thinking. This buddy friend had can colonies and the West Indies. a lot of dope on the business. He When one speaks today of "seagoing But didn't he lose his job, or something?"

"Sure!" says Inez. "Anyway, he
don't have the one he had when he
mand while he's gone we get prohibition. But he's such a smart feller and
such a hero and all he thinks he'll get
something better to do. He don't,
though. Nor he ain't got much money

"Sure!" says Inez. "Anyway, he
don't have the one he had failed to make
picked for the role had failed to make
pood.

She was real sweet about it, Mrs.
Slattery was. Said she'd always
known I was much too good for Druot's, or even Duluth, and that she was
theny just where the runners got the
knew just where the runners got the
wasn't his fault, e'ther. Maybe you
remember what a fuss they made over
him when he first came back—the parades, receptions, pieces in the paper,
and while he's gone we get prohibition. But he's such a smart feller and
ot's, or even Duluth, and that she was
totyl up across the line, how they got
it over, and what it brought on this
side. He told of one bunch that had
cleaned up ten thousand apiece in a
few months, starting with a couple
of hundred dollars 'apital.
That was
for hundred dollars 'apital.
That was
for hundred man, because he was real sweet about it, Mrs.
Slattery was. Said she'd always
known I was much too good for Druot's, or even Duluth, and that she was
they in the he's wiff up across the line, how they got
was 'Not few for things. I let him know I was good and sick of slinging hash in hot-off think of big barks and barkentines joints and having him do a fourteen- and great schooners with four to six hour trick for poor pay. 'Why pass or even seven masts. Some of you up the easy money?" I asked him. may conjure up the image of a glant taking a chance over there? And you classes of "seagoing vessels" that Well, why not cash in on some of that the Potomac three hundred, two huntraining?' And you bet it didn't take dred and a hundred and fifty years

Danny long to see the point." "Wha-a-at?" says I, smothering a gasp. "You didn't start in running?"

* * * *

made it a cinch. A couple of honey- his lordship's pinnace, called the line after dark those knapsacks of placement I do not know, but when heroine was, even though they had gates. Sometimes a private secre- to hunt around for customers, either, steamboats, the George Law and been married long enough for him to tary or a foreman's clerk wrote his to double and trelle his money. Of the Mattano, were of about 300 though. Inside of a month we'd made had my eye on. The old bus wasn't much to look at, but after Danny'd will understand how small were the finished grinding the valves and fitright there with the speed, And, with jumped into the places left open when eight or ten cases in the tonneau,

"Mary McGucken!" says I, staring

"Think I'd send Danny out to do something I wouldn't try myself?" says she. "Say, I'm not that kind. And after I'd been on one I wouldn't found a cheaper room down in the miss being along for a peck of pearl west end. I expect we'd been there ropes. It's the greatest outdoor sport yet, or else planted underground, if on the card. Talk about getting a Danny hadn't had word from this kick out of life! Running through a squad of troopers will hand it to you,

"Don't they sometimes shoot?"

asked.

back of that old boat. We have to plug up bullet holes after nearly every trip. But'we don't let 'em-have the shooting all on one side. They've found out I can work an automatic at seventy miles an hour, and that sort of discourages 'em from getting too intimate. That reverse searchlight that Danny fixed up to throw behind doesn't help 'em, either, and the bullet-proof shield we can raise at our backs is more or less of a comfort when an ambitious motorcyclist cuts in with a .48. I have to sow tacks for those birds, unless have the luck to wing 'em." I'll admit that by this time I was

Mary," I protests, "all that sounds very much like crime." "Maybe it is," says she, with a careless hunch of her shoulders. "They're Maryland council of safety. Thomas Fresh, on Mr. John Parnham's land; calling lots of things criminal that Bladen was governor from 1742 to at Lower Cedar Point, on Charles used to be perfectly all right. Any- 1747, and I am making the guess that Jones' land; at Chandler's Point, on

to duck starving."

An the next morning Inez wants to know if I saw Miss McGucken at "Oh, yes," says I.

"She was lookin' swell, eh?" question. Everybody else seems sat- "Absolutely," says L

Mary of the Brave Eyes—By Sewell Ford THE RAMBLER MAKES A SHORT JOURNEY TO OLD BLADENSBURG AND VICINITY

T OOKING Backward to Time When the

L Town Was Very Important in American

Affairs - The Old Wharves - Few Facts

About Origin of Bladensburg and When the

pair of polished shoes would have been unpolished in that brief space which we boys used to describe as "no time." To save his shining shoes and otherwise to conserve his comfort, the Rambler settled upon a short walk which would involve little leg work and yet furnish enough material for a story Leaving the electric car before i reached Hyattsville, he cut across lots to Bladensburg, and in a few minutes was in the main north-and-south street of the old town. There are two main streets. That which runs north and south is the Washington and Baltimore boulevard, and that which runs east and west is Sand street. The latter, now an automobile way, leads over Lowndes hill and eastward. About three miles out of Bladensburg this road, which is one of the old highways of Maryland, branches the right fork crossing the Baltimore and Potomac railroad at Ardwick and the left fork going on another mile and crossing the railroad at Lanham. Two or three hundred yards west on Sand street a road strikes to the right, or to the south, skirts the base of the first hill east of the boulevard and up which part of the village of Bladensburg has climbed. This road leads south for a short distance, turns east and then forks. The left fork leads on to Landover, where it crosses the Baltimor and Potomac and continues to Brightseat, where it enters Sheriff road. The right fork leads south to Chesapeake Junction, Benning and Twining to Anacostia. At Bladensburg there is another road which leads north along the base of the majestic ridge which from the east overlooks the wide valley of the upper Eastern branch. These are not all the roads leading out of Bladenscity of Washington was planned on paper. And they were not built to lead and a town of ripe age when the United ty, which at the time of the breaking "Oh, come, Mary!" says I. "What's out of the American revolution, was

T was a genial Sunday for January,

but the roads were muddy and a

She bites her lip for a minute, and one might see relics of them in the Eastern branch, which at Bladensburg is a small stream, comparable in water volume with Rock creek. Perhaps some of the rotting and nearly buried timbers of these old wharves may be found at Bladensburg today. You know-watching for and brigantines, of small tonnage and one speaks of "seagoing vessels" you Didn't they hang a medal on you for steamship. But these were not the claim you got a thrill out of the work. came up the creeks and estuaries of

good ship Arke. The brought to Maryland the first company of gentlemen adventurers and WE sure did," says she. "On foot servants "to the number of neere at first, with what we could save 200 people." was a craft of only 300 from two weeks' pay. My being along tons, and this craft "was attended by moon trampers, we passed for; but Dove, of about 50 tunne." Whether when we wandered back across the these were tons burthen or tons disours were full up. Danny didn't have I tell you that those old Potomac course we were pikers. Not for long, tons displacement and the Jane Moseley and the George Leary of seven or eight hundred tons you "seagoing vessels" in which the ting some new piston rings she was Maryland colonists made the voyage. It is true that the Eastern branch and all the other tidal estuaries of that's what you reed. Say, do you the Potomac have greatly shoaled "You don't mean to say you been filling in the waterways for

and floors of the valleys. There were water mills at Bladensburg and a number of them along Northwest branch, which joins' the Eastern branch at the old town. There the Maryland assembly, the Rambler were inns at Bladensburg and also found a few references to Bladensthe stores of merchants who were burg, and if he finds it convenient to rich and influential and whose names run a series of narratives about "Don't they?" says she. "You ought is, if your ancestors lived in Mary- back to 1700. The first reference to see the mud guards and tonneau land; and it is a familiar fact that a to Bladensburg which he came upon large percentage of our District pop- was in an act of the assemply in ulation is of southern Maryland de- 1773 for "the regulation of the staple

going on at a great pace since white

the Maryland legislature creating this kept at the several places mention- the table: town and naming the commissioners ed," as follows: who had authority to lay out streets, In St. Mary's county: At Chaptico, sell lots and do many other things. on the land of the late Philip Key; on half johannes, weighing nine penny-But Bladensburg was named after a plantation where a certain Gilbert weight, 480 pounds tobacco; moidores, Thomas Bladen, and the probabilities Mackey lived; at St. Innegoes, on the are strong that it was so named when land of Stephen Milburn; at Wicomico, Bladen came to the notice of the peo- on the land of John Llewellin; at the ple of Maryland as one of the line of courthouse, on the land of Abraham royal governors, a line which extendlooking bug-eyed at her. "But—but ed from 1692 to 1774, or 1776, if you the land of Francis Brooke; at Town are going to debate about the conflict creek, on the land of Hugh Hopewell. between the claims of Robert Eden. the provincial convention and the town, on the Patuxent river; at Pile's

> "What you think they do to ge that way?" insists Ines. "There are times, Inex," says "when I prefer not to think. I'll take an other cup of coffee instead." (Copyright, 1922, by Sewell Ford.)

Town Was Laid Out - Concerning Gov. Bladen-A Meeting With Well Known Artists.

ARTISTS PAINTING IS A BLADENSBURG STREET.

ized by the legislature about the be- river; at Upper Marlborough on the AT Bladensburg were wharves, and ginning of his term of office. Few land of Thomas Sim Lee; at Notting-

> point on the Eastern branch and that Hawkins, jr. it was a place for transatlantic shiptomary to start a town with the ex- counties. Tobacco warehouses had Schram (Abe Schram), another was

it was not many years ago that royal governors were so popular to- ham on the land of James Russell; ward the close of their term of of- on the land of Alexander Magruder; fice as to have towns named for them. at Bladensburg on the land of Dr. David Ross; at Broad Creek on the IT is a strong probability that there land of Enoch Magruder; at Piscatawere mills, inns and stores at this way on the land of the late John

Spanish silver at 68." It would appear that our ancestors had to know good deal about money in order to succeed in business, and even after being sure that the money was of true metal, they accepted most of the foreign coins only at their bullion value.

You will note that the act of 1773 directed that the warehouse at Bladensburg should be set up on the land of Dr. David Ross. The house in which Dr. Ross lived is still standing. About forty-five years ago it was bought by Samuel K. Lee, a colored man who came to Bladensburg from the Pohick neishborhood of Virginia and whose family took its name from the Lees of Leesylvania on Neabsco creek. Samuel left the Ross house to his son, William O. Lee, who owns the property now, but who lives in West Virginia, and his cousin, Mrs. Alberta Gunn, occupies this historic dwelling. There are a number of houses in Bladensburg old enough to be classed as "historic," and the Rambler will do his best to tell about

them in subsequent "rambles." Dr. David Ross died between 1773 and 1779, for in the latter year the legislature of Maryland passed an act "to enlarge the powers of Ariana Ross, executrix of Dr. David Ross, deceased." In Green Hill cemetery, at Bladensburg, is a tall monument, from which the rambler copied the

following: William Ross, died April 16, 1828. Harriat Ross, died April 24, 1854. Mabeline Ross, died April 17, 1865. ged 49 years.

Robert T. Ross, died February 22, Sarah Ross, died November 6, 1870. Mary Ross, died January 21, 1883. Maria Louisa Ross Thompson, died

October 26, 1896. Below the name and death date of Maria Louisa Ross Thompson is an ninscribed space on the marble monument, and at that side of the shaft is a

new grave.

THERE are a great many things about old Bladensburg which the Rambler hopes to be able to tell you but before closing this narrative let him relate a little incident, a pleasant little incident, of his visit to the town last Sunday. In two of the by-ways of the village four men were painting. Each had his easel before him and his palette and brushes in hand. Each worked industriously to put a bit of Eladensburg on canvas. Neither of these men had a camp stool. Each stood at his work, and stood in mud. Each had the collar of his overcoat turned up, for a raw wind was blowing. The Rambler Tobacco warehouses were not cre- thought these figures in the distance ments before a town was laid out and ated by the act in question in all had a familiar took. They were old named Bladensburg. It was custom- cases at the places named. The act friends of the man who jots these ary to start a town where business was a restatement of the location things down. One was A. H. O. Rolle had already begun. It was not cus- of tobacco warehouses in the three (August Rolle), another was A. J.



THE ROSS HOME IN BLADENSBURG. regularly provided for by the legisverts Meadows, or something of that

Beginning in 1750 and searching forward to 1800 through the acts of were familiar to your ancestors-that Bladensburg, he will search from 1750 of tobacco and for preventing frauds The town of Bladensburg was laid in his majesty's customs." The act out some time about 1742. That is a recited that "public warehouses for guess. I have not found the act of the inspection of tobacco shall be

Barnes; on St. Cuthbert's creek, on In Charles county: At Benedict-Port Tobacco creek; at Nanjemoy, on Patowmack river, on the land of Richard Harrison; at Chickamuxen

"How about the Plutoria on, those birds did. And inside of a forcement agents on? Flivers! Ain't our creeks to old towns, such as and more often in Virginia than in the passage of that act. But when members of the Society of Washing-Bladensburg, Piscataway and Dum- Maryland. Perhaps we may find that a warehouse got out of repair or was fries. The wash from the hills has before the town of Bladensburg was outgrown by the trade, or for one lar organization is the Landscape thousands of years, and this has been lature there was a cluster of mills, ing was constructed, and it was often 1221 15th street, where there are going stores and homes at that site and set up in the same neighborhood but to be some jolly doings, to which the men came and cut the timber from that the place was known as Jones on another man's land. There was a Rambler is going to be invited. This the hillsides and plowed the slopes Mill, Smiths Store, Two Creeks, Cal- tobacco warehouse at Bladensburg at Landscape Club has been painting the there in that year, and he was implace at that time.

> TN the same act of 1773 is a statemoneys, in tobacco. This is interesting not only in showing the value of tobacco but in showing also the many kinds of money current in Maryland at that time. Here follows

Johannes, weighing eighteen pennyweight, 960 pounds of tobacco; weighing six pennyweight and eighteeen grains, 360 pounds; English guinea, weighing five pennyweight and six grains, 280 pounds; French and five grains, 276 pounds; Spanish pistoles, not lighter than four pennyweight and six grains, 220 pounds; French milled pistoles, weighing four pounds: Arabian chequins, weighing creek, on the land of William Small- follows this: "Other gold coin (Gerwood; at Pamunkey creek, on the man excepted) by the pennyweight opposite the Botanic Garden. As land of the late John Truman Stodert. at 51 1-3 pounds; French silver Henry was born on February 16, 1840,

know what Uncle Sam mounts his en- since "seagoing vessels" came up it, though this was sometimes done, been set up at nearly all these places fourth was Frank W. Meyers, all ton Artists, but their own particuof many other reasons, a new build- Club, and this club has its studio at least as early as 1746, for Christopher environs of Washington for so many Lowndes was a prominent merchant years that it has almost finished the job. You can look at August Rolle porting European goods, taking to- and Abe Schram in the picture. bacco in payment and shipping that They are not actually painting, but tobacco to Europe. This is evidence, are posing. The Rambler's camera amounting almost to proof, that there is not one of those modern affairs was an inspection warehouse at that with which you make a snapshot in one-millionth of a second and don't get a picture. It is a slow-going affair, and the Rambler asked August and Abe to stand still for half an ment of the value of money, or hour until he could set up his camera and then for twenty-five minutes more until he could get the thing to

Let us meet again next Sunday

Watterson Memorial. THOSE who are planning to set up a bronze tablet to mark the birthplace of "Marse Henry" Watterson must wait until a controversy as to the exact location of his place of guineas, weighing five pennyweight birth in the National Capital has ben

The Congressional Directory for the Twenty-sixth Congress shows that pennyweight and four grains, 216 the first session was from December 2. 1839, until July 21, 1840. During two pennyweight and three grains, that time Representative and Mrs. 110 pounds; English milled crowns, Harvey M. Watterson lived at the 66 2-3 pounds; "and other English home of Mrs. Brawner, on Pennsylmilled silver at the same rate." Then vania avenue between 2d and 3d streets, where the big elm now stands, In Prince Georges county: At crowns at 60, Spanish milled pieces it is argued that he was born at that Queen Anne Town on the Patuxent of eight at 60, other good coined address.